



Lines written on the Trial of the
Rev. Father Quin,

Catholic Curate, of the Parish of Tynan, at the last Assizes of
 Armagh.

You christians of this country excuse my feeble quill,
 While here in grief and sorrow those doleful lines I fill,
 On the awful persecution of our dear clergyman,
 At Armagh last Assizes his trial had to stand.

He was a faithful curate for five long years and more,
 Within three miles of Armagh town well liked by rich and poor,
 Like Moses with his children, he laboured night and day,
 But, Oh! this perpetrator strove to swear his life away.

Now think upon the bigotry of that audacious man,
 Who dispossess'd poor Catholics and took them from
 He then attacked blest father Quin, our priest of chastity,
 And did his whole endeavours to work his destiny,

On the 10 of February this villain went straightway,
 And entered in a law suit upon that very day,
 He swore his life in danger, as you may understand,
 By a letter that was published by our Rev. Clergyman.

Our priest he was arrested and to prison he had to go,
 Which filled each Roman Catholic with dreadful fear and woe:
 The magistrates on the court day, addressed our clergyman,
 For to find strong security his trial for to stand.

Two bailsmen entered on the spot, while Armstrong did grin,
 And said our property we'll stake for blessed father Quin;
 The bail-bonds were perfected and the priest he was set free,
 While Armagh streets were crowded his reverence to see.

The morning of his trial each eye should shed a tear,
 To see him standing in the dock his sentence for to hear,
 Before the judge and jury the prosecutor swore,
 For to transport his reverence far from his native shore.

The jury were locked up all night, which made each heart to shock
 Till they were called next morning at half-past six o'clock,
 The foreman said unto the judge, my lord, we cant agree,
 There are eight to find him guilty, and four to set him free.

The learned judge made answer, and to them he did say,
 My calendar has now arrived, so I must go away,
 Until the next assizes this case I will remand,
 His reverence must be ready his trial for to stand.

Now to conclude those feeling lines each heart with me unite,
 To offer up a fervent prayer both morning noon, and night,
 And when you're at devotion, invoke the Trinity,
 For to befriend his reverence, and from tyrants set him free.